

SHOWBOAT

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VOL. 1 NO. 4

SANDY FILLS HER STOCKINGS

FINGERIE WITCHCRAFT

GOLDEN CURLS AND BLACK SILK

THE DO-IT-YOURSELF STRIP KIT



ADULTS ONLY

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EDITOR	Thomas Traherne
PHOTO EDITOR	Hans Dennis
ART EDITOR	Milton Beatty

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SHOWBOAT





TO POSE



IN HOSE

Up until a few years ago, our movie queens had to keep themselves well clothed at all times on the screen. If Betty Grable showed too much of her celebrated gams, (in a skirt, that is. Swim suits and show biz briefs were okay.) or if Jane Russell opened one blouse button too many, the Hays Office nixed it, but quick. Ah, but times have changed, thank heaven, and now, in the nudie films, a lovely creature like Eleanor Babcock can display her fetching form as well as her vivacious personality.







🎬 🎬 🎬 Eleanor loves the nudies, the easygoing atmosphere as well as the salary, which is commensurate with her ever growing parts. "There is one problem," she smiles, "the time it takes to make up. Before, you only had to fuss about your face and hair."





Eleanor has no great ambition to become a serious actress. "I know my limits," she says. "I'm no Helen Hayes. When I'm on camera, I'm just me. If people like my looks and my personality, then they'll come to see my movies." She doesn't have a star complex either. She refuses to go out of her way to be seen at the "right" places with the "right" people. "Usually, they're pretty dull," she says, "so I just go my way with the people I can have fun with." That's the most refreshing attitude we've heard in years.







Before the eyes of Tad and the Duke Giovanni
Jacopo Casanova was making love to a lovely Venetian maiden.



THE Demon AND THE WELL-HEELED Satyr

BY HARRY NEALE

TAD HAD DONE THE IMPOSSIBLE — HE HAD CONJURED UP A DEMON FROM HELL — A STUPID ONE — BUT WAS HE STUPID ENOUGH TO GRANT HIS SPECIAL REQUEST?

The demon was drunk—but not quite drunk enough, thought Tad Melford Wainwright III. He looked in wellbred distaste at the huge, horned creature sprawled in the easychair opposite him. The logs in the fireplace had burned to low coals. Their red glow was the only illumination in the room, for the Demon, upon his arrival straight up through the floor half an hour ago, had insisted that the lights be turned off because they hurt his eyes.

"Them incandescent bulbs," he'd explained to Tad. "Us Demons hate 'em! Why, they're *unhealthy!*"

Incandescent, Tad had thought, as he turned off the lights. That was his first clue to the Demon's almost nonexistent intellectual abilities.

In the ensuing five minutes, during which Tad told the Demon exactly what he wanted, and the Demon warned Tad academically that the price was his soul, Tad correctly pegged the hellish representative as a low-grade moron.

Tad was delighted. He had been hoping for a really stupid one.

Smiling to himself, Tad had brought out several fifths of his 98 year old Armagnac, claiming that it was the best brandy in the world and that it would help them arrive at an amicable arrangement.

The Demon raised his snifter in a taloned hand, burped loudly, and killed another nine ounces. He was warming the barbed end of his tail in the fireplace — twitching it in pleasure, stirring the coals, and looking at Tad with yellow eyes that

were getting just a little bleary.

"A fictious lover, huh?" he leered. "You wanna be a fictious lover..."

"Fic-tit-ious," Tad said patiently. "It means a character out of fiction, as opposed to a real life."

"Thash... that's what I said. Okay, why d'y'wanna be a fic... fict... why d'y'wanna be one o' *them*, huh? You mean out of books, right? You know, that sounds like a lotta trouble, bud... that means I gotta get more in return! You unnerstand that, huh?"

"I understand," said Tad. And he did. He had spent a small fortune to bring this night about — an interview in the private study of his Connecticut mansion, face to face with a Demon from Hell.

It hadn't been easy. It had taken four years of travel, mostly in the Orient, to acquire the knowledge needed to call up a Demon. He'd bought hundreds of rare books and manuscripts; he'd bought advice from sages and *gurus* who could not resist the money he offered; he'd bought six ounces of incense at \$25,000 an ounce, not daring to ask what was in it.

The books and manuscripts had told him everything he needed to know — that Demons really existed — that one could bargain with them for almost anything — that the harder the job was, the steeper the Demon's price, and that the price inevitably boiled down to the degree of torment one would eventually have to endure in Hell.

The books had told him that most Demons were so dumb they couldn't find their tail with both hands. This was news to Ted who had been raised on the subtle serpent, but he believed it now.

Tonight Tad had burned the incense, and chanted the words and phrases he'd learned — and the Demon had appeared in a puff of foul smoke, eight feet tall, fanged and big-bellied and complaining about incandescent bulbs.

I understand," Tad said again.

"Then why do you wanna be a fictitious guy, huh?" the Demon asked. He reached for the brandy bottle, his huge hand encompassing it, and poured his 16-oz. snifter full to the top. "You got no *idea* how much trouble it'll be! I gotta set a whole *world* up, just like in the book. You know, the other characters, and phony dates and places, and *all* the make-believe crap. Hell, I don't even *read* so good!" He smiled at Tad, revealing that his yellowish-black fangs probably hadn't been brushed in a thousand years, if ever. "Whyn't you just let me plunk you down somewheres in *real* History, so I don't have to work up all that stuff that never existed—"

Tad shook his head. "I've got my reasons," he said.

The Demon scratched his head with a talon, a sound like a file on chrome steel. "What reasons?" He looked around at the richly carpeted, book-lined study. "Hell, I don't even see why you called me in the first place! You look like you got it real good!"

"I've had it *too* good," Tad said. "That's my problem. I'm bored. I was born with an eleven-million-dollar silver spoon in my mouth. I've had everything I've ever wanted, including every woman who took my fancy. But . . . damn it, I didn't always get them as a *man*! . . . because if I couldn't seduce them, I could always *buy* them! —"

"Crazy!" the Demon leered. "What's wrong with that?"

"I'm now forty-six years old," Tad said. "I've had everything life has to offer — except women, women, and more women. Women are my only pleasure at this stage of the game . . . the only *new* thing to me, the only thing I haven't already got is the new pretty face right around the corner, the one I haven't met yet, and the one after that, and after that. Get it?"

The Demon was frowning as the idea sank home. "I guess so. Man,

you musta had a life! There must be plenty in Hell already waitin' for you!"

"No doubt," said Tad. "So what does a little more matter, if I can enjoy more kicks before the final one? Which brings us back to my desire to be a fictitious lover . . ."

"Yeah," the Demon said. "I still don't get that." He shifted in his chair. "Lookit Casanova . . . there was a *real-life* guy, and he made out like wow! He had dames crawlin' all over the place. Why not be *him*, huh? — instead of some fictitious jerk? I can arrange that a lot easier!" he waved a clawed hand. "Look!"

In the coals of the fireplace, before Tad's astonished eyes, a scene appeared. It was small at first — it wavered, red and white, with the updraft of the coals. Then it grew — it got wider and higher — clearer — until at last it was bigger than the fireplace, it was as big as the whole wall before them; it was a scene in cinemascope and technicolor, with stereophonic sound and even smellovision . . . for nothing is beyond the talents of the representatives of Satan.

It was like looking through a great window, into another place, another time. . . .

Tad smelled the fragrance of perfume. He sniffed, entranced. It was an old-world perfume; it was loudly and wonderfully aphrodisiac; it had no match in the modern world.

Before the eyes of Tad and the Demon, Giovanni Jacopo Casanova was seducing a lovely Venetian virgin. He was nearing middle-age, but handsome and magnetic. She was nearly nude, lying on pillows on a marble floor. The candles were low. Casanova, murmuring gently, had his way — and now she was entirely nude. She was dazed from his kisses, his words. She raised her open lips, fiercely.

"Enough!" Tad said, breaking the spell. "I get the point! Casanova had it good! But I *still* want to be a fictitious lover! . . ."

The picture vanished. The fireplace coals gleamed redly. In their light, the Demon's face was almost exasperated as he realized that this mortal was determined to get something that would require special effort. "Awright," he rumbled. "But *why*?"

"Only in fiction," said Tad, "can the ideal love-affair exist. Only in fiction can girls be impossibly beautiful — for the impossible cannot ex-

ist in fact. Only in fiction can a man seduce eleven lovely girls in one night, and prolong each affair beyond the physical capabilities of any mortal man — longer, sweeter, more exquisitely perfect . . ."

"Eleven?" the Demon said, awed.

Tad nodded. "And he kept on that way, every night for eleven months and eleven days!"

The Demon blinked incredulously. "Who did?"

"The legendary, fictitious lover," said Tad, "who performed that fantastic feat to win a bet. The greatest lover of them all — greater, even, than Casanova. The fictitious hero I want you to make *me* into, complete with his wonderful romantic world . . . *Don Juan*!"

A coal popped in the fireplace. The Demon's big face was a puzzled mask. "Don *who*?"

"Don Juan," Tad said. (*You dumb illiterate oaf*, he thought to himself. *Don't they have books in Hell?*) "A legendary lover, of extraordinary charm and prowess. He seduced at least three beautiful women every day of his adult life. *He's* the one I want to be. That's all you need to know."

"Okay," the Demon said dubiously. "You got the book, so I can make with the props and scenery in the phony world I put you in?"

Tad pointed to his copy of *Don Juan*, on one of the shelves just to the right of the fireplace. The Demon followed his gaze, and nodded.

"You wanta be just like him, huh?" the Demon asked.

"I want to *be* him," Tad said firmly. "In *his* world — making *his* conquests!" He took a deep breath. "That's one of the main things I look forward to — making those conquests *as a man*, with charm and virility and magnetism — instead of doing what I've done for so long, just *buying* it . . ."

The Demon stood up — his scaly, horned head seemed almost to brush the ceiling. "Okay," he said. "Now, what about our bargain?"

"Well," Tad said, "what do you *want* — for doing what I ask?" He paused. "I mean, is there a set schedule for increased Hellish torment, like a rate-advance, or compound-interest?"

"Naw," the Demon said. He hiccupped. "It's up to each Demon to set the penalty, for the servcush . . . I mean, services . . . he performsh."

That tied in with what Tad's books had said.

"And," Tad said casually, "each Demon gets the pleasure of administering that special added torment . . . right? That is, when I get to Hell, it will be *you* who administers the punishment we're going to decide on right now . . . right?"

"*Right!*" said the Demon—and for the first time, despite his boozy state, there was an edge to his voice that made Tad shiver a little. It was an edge of brutal sadism . . . It was the voice of a being who on Earth might be a potbellied, yellow-eyed, eight-foot jerk . . . but who in Hell, with pitchfork in hand . . .

Tad refilled the Demon's brandy. Now was the time. He looked regretfully at the bottle, and put it aside with a deep, deep sigh.

"Wassamatter?" the Demon asked.

"That brandy," Tad said, in a miserable voice. "The greatest stuff in the world—right?"

"*Right!*" *Hiccup!*

"But," said Tad, "*I* can't drink it!" He looked piteously up at the Demon's curious face. "*I*, damn it, who love good brandy more than anything in the world except women!—and *this* brandy most of all!"

"What're ya talkin' about?" the Demon said. "Whatcha mean, you can't drink it?"

"Well, as you probably know," Tad said — "nothing spectacular happens to a brandy until it's forty years old. But what happens *after* forty years is very, very subtle . . . delicate . . . exquisite. A good forty-year-old brandy is a tremendous thing. A good *hundred*-year-old brandy, like this Armagnac, is . . . well, there are no words to describe its bouquet, its body, its flavor. The chemical difference is so subtle that it is apparent only to the taste of a connoisseur like myself . . . but it is *there*, and it is magnificent! And that's the trouble in my case—" he paused for a tragic moment—"that chemical difference. For while I can appreciate this godlike brandy, and long for it to the very core of my being . . . *I dare not drink it!*"

He paused, caressing the bottle. "It makes me *ill!*" He repressed a sob. "It makes me *very* ill! Something in its chemistry! Oh, Lord!" He spun away from the bottle to rest his forehead on the mantel of the fireplace. He bit his lips as if in agony. "What a horrible fate for such a connoisseur as Tad Melford Wainwright the Third! To *know* this wonderful brandy—to love it,

cherish it, *lust* for it!—yet not to be able to drink it, at the risk of sickness unto death! What a combination of exquisite delight and Hellish torment, every time I even *sniff* it! . . ."

With his head still bowed to the mantel in agony, Tad peeked at the Demon. The latter's big, tusked face was a study in delight and inspired determination.

"*Tha's it!*" the Demon roared. He clapped his huge hands together, and withdrew his tail from the fireplace to lash it in sadistic expectation.

"What?" exclaimed Tad, pretending startlement. "*What?*"

"*That's* your penalty!" the Demon chortled. "For me doing whatcha want! I get to pour this stuff into you for alluv eternity . . . ten times a day, a *hunnert* times a day! —*that's* the price you gotta pay!" The Demon's grin was so broad that Tad saw tusks he hadn't seen before. "Pleasure and pain! . . . somethin' y'can't resist, and can't stand either! That's *Hell*, all right!"

It's also Freud, you big jerk, Tad thought. "No, *no!*" he gasped aloud. "It's too horrible! You wouldn't demand *that!*" He clutched his belly, as if in anticipatory distress, and at the same time looked at the bottle longingly.

"It's that," the Demon said, chuckling, "or no deal!" He hiccupped. "Man that *ish* good stuff . . . and it flips you, huh? C'mon make up your mind. I got six more calls tonight! I don't *haveta* stay here, you know. I come when I'm called, but you gotta make me a deal! How 'bout it?"

"All right," groaned Tad, "Yes . . . yes . . . it's a deal!"

"*Gimme your mit,*" said the Demon.

Tad extended his left hand toward the Demon. The Demon took it—his huge hands, oddly, were as cool as lizard's paws—and he lightly scratched a strange mark in Tad's palm. The scratch stung for a moment, then didn't.

"You're *mine!*" the Demon said, sounding satisfied. He glanced at the bottle. "I'll lay in ten thousand cases of this stuff, and be waitin', chum! . . ."

And that, Tad thought, as he staggered back to his chair, was that. When he finally went to Hell, he'd be swimming around in lava like anybody else—but this idiot, this moron Demon, would be around

a "hunnert" times a day to pour the delicious 98-year-old Armagnac down his gullet, and that should help matters a little, even in Hell. Oh, Tad would scream and yowl, as if the brandy was increasing his torment, make him sick . . .

For all Eternity, this wonderful old brandy, which agreed with him perfectly and had never given him a moment's distress! If anything could dull the edge of Hell, *it* should.

"Now," he moaned to the Demon, completely happy with the deal, "do what I have asked!"

"You know," warned the Demon, "that once it's done, it can't be undone!" "When I put you there, you're *there* . . . until you kick off! Agreed?"

"Agreed!" said Tad Melford Wainwright III.

The Demon reached to the bookshelves and picked out a book. "Don . . . Don . . ." he said, to himself. "Yeah. Okay! Now I gotta set up the world, like in the book. . . ." He leafed through its pages, peering in the dim light. "Mmmm. I don't see a helluva lot about seductions and conquests . . . but I guess you know what you want." He tossed the book aside, and raised his taloned hands over his head, fingers spread wide. "*Here goes!*"

Waiting in trembling anticipation to become Don Juan, Tad glanced at the book.

His jaw fell—his eyes bugged in astonishment.

"Wait!" he yelled. "*You lousy, drunk, stupid, illiterate sonuva-bitch!* . . ."

Too late.

With a *whisht*, Tad Melford Wainwright was in another time—another place.

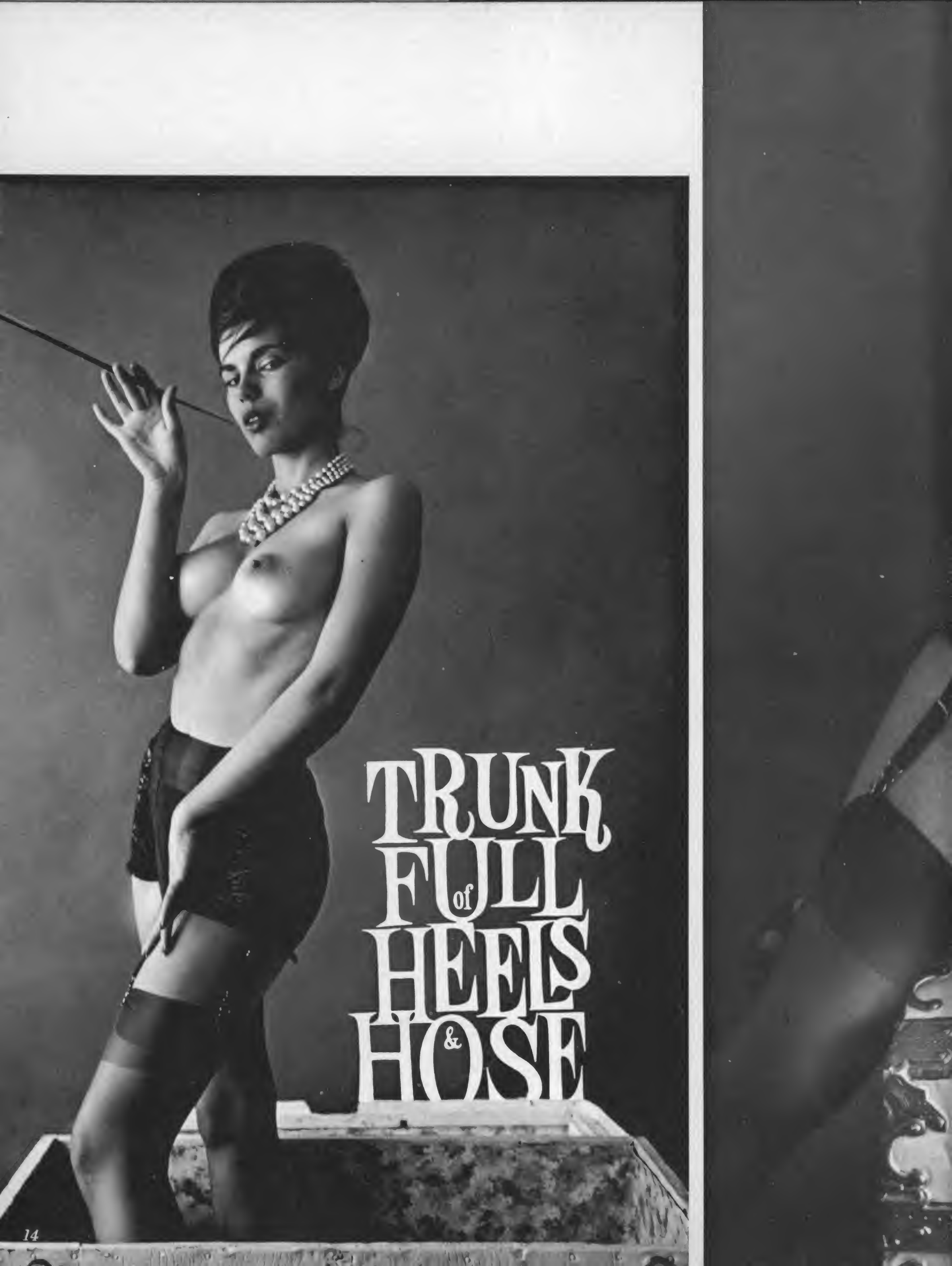
Night had become day. His clothes had changed. His surroundings had changed. He knew that he, himself, had changed, into somebody else. . . .

The deed was done. And there was no return.

He was on a wide, grassy plain. He was astride a rawboned nag. He wore creaky armor, and a bristly, itchy mustache. He held a splintery lance. Beside him was another guy on horseback—a short, squat jerk with devotion shining in his eyes.

Tad's copy of *Don Quixote* had been on the shelf, right next to *Don Juan*. . . .

Tad sighed, and, with Sancho Panza beside him, galloped up the hill with his lance leveled at the windmill. ●



TRUNK
FULL
of
HEELS
&
HOSE

LA-DEES AND GENTLEMEN — prepare yourselves for the greatest magic act since the great Houdini trod the stage of the Palace. So says the m.c. at any number of posh supper clubs across the country, when he introduces the Amazing Mr. Markham and his gorgeous assistant, Miss Brandy Powell, escape artiste extraordinaire. Brandy's act is the finale of the show, and she leaves the audience gasping in wonder.



First, she is bound hand and foot. Then she is manacled into a huge trunk. Five locks are then secured, and the trunk is wrapped round with heavy wire. The lights go out, and the drums rumble. In exactly seventeen seconds, Brandy is standing in a bright spot, completely unfettered, a vision of loveliness.





It may well be that what with TV, birth control, and the wholesale proliferation of household gadgetry, the world is becoming a simple place to dwell in, but personally I doubt it like hell.

Take traveling, for instance. You can fly to Europe in a few hours now instead of the week or so it takes by ship, and in so doing you may save a lot more than time. For sailing over the bounding main presents more potential dangers than sea-sickness.

And it is not the chance of some physical mishap to which I refer. A man can stub his toe in the privacy of his own bathtub, if he's clumsy enough. I mean what might be termed "social dangers"; in other words, the perils lurking behind innocent badinage with one's fellow passengers.

During the decade or so when I worked as a foreign correspondent in Europe, and shuttled back and forth across the Atlantic a couple of times a year, I had a chance to observe a good many of these unlisted pitfalls.

There was a time when the only hazard lying in wait for the male traveler on steamers was the professional gambler. However, at odd moments the purser would warn the unwary, pointing out this or that cardshark.

Signs were stuck up, reading BEWARE OF PROFESSIONAL GAMBLERS and sometimes, a word to the wise was enough. All a man had to do in order to play safe was to keep away from the pasteboards.

It's not so simple anymore. Today there is another menace to the male wayfarer's purse and peace of mind — a menace as old as the hills, but tricked out in new trimmings. It is known as *Woman On The Make*, and it doesn't do any good to get flip about it and say that all women are on the make, either.

It's a menace that's pretty hard to do anything about, too. A warning isn't much use, and you can't stick up a sign reading, BEWARE

the ladies are on the
prowl, with new
twists on old themes to
bilk the unsuspecting,
amorous male.

CON GIRLS ON THE Loose

by Richard Warren



OF WOMEN, and let it go at that. Or maybe that's all you can do. The ladies out for loot are usually too smooth at camouflage to yield to accurate labeling.

Shipboard is the happy hunting ground for most of the predatory females — both those after money and those after marriage. It's the money girls who enjoy the most success, though. It takes less time to snatch a man's wallet than it does his heart.

The badger game, with an irate husband popping in and out at the wrong moment, is pretty old hat on dry land. At sea, however, it is another matter. Maybe the iodine in the salt air has something to do with it — combined with the fact that the trapped male hasn't a chance to consult his lawyer.

Further, the victim is on strange territory where he isn't quite sure of the ground rules. He has heard vaguely that on shipboard the captain is the supreme law with the right to perform weddings, officiate at funerals, or to shoot down mutinous sailors.

So when he is caught in what is politely known as a compromising position, he isn't quite sure what international laws he has violated. He has nightmarish visions of spending the rest of the voyage in the brig, subsisting on hardtack and water.

In consequence, he reaches for his wallet or folder of traveler's checks and — sucker that he is — figures that no matter what the cost, he is getting off cheaply.

A good rule for the inexperienced traveler then is to steer clear of women with husbands on board. Remember, you can't use the old alibi about being a Fuller Brush man on the waves. Not and get away with it.

It is also just as well — in the interests of your bankroll — to stay out of *any* lady's stateroom, for that matter. Even if she is a theoretically single woman, traveling alone—stay out. Unless, that is, you want to run the risk of being charged with attempted rape or assault and battery. I know a half a dozen otherwise smart men who have been neatly rooked because they stopped in some cutie's cabin for a good-night kiss.

It is the same racket that is worked on land by girls thumbing rides from men driving alone. While the man's mind is on other things, the girl suddenly starts ripping her clothes apart and generally mussing herself up. Then she yells like hell!

It takes money to quiet her down, and more money to *keep* her quiet. Silence, in other words, is golden—with you shelling out the gold.

Therefore, if you should feel like a few intimate moments with some lady you've met on shipboard, let her come to *your* cabin. Then, if she wants, she can yell her damn fool head off. She can tear all her clothes off as well, if she wants to. In fact, you can even help her with her strip-tease act. If it comes to a showdown, you've got a perfect alibi. What is the lady, if she *is* a lady, doing in your cabin in the first place? And in the second place, you didn't invite her in anyway. However, you are willing to let the whole matter drop and say nothing more about it, providing it doesn't happen again.

It won't happen again. Not with that particular female it won't.

Two of the smoothest con-girls I ever ran into were a mother and daughter set-up that played the trans-Atlantic liners for several years. Mother was a grim caricature of a puritan, with all the yielding charm of a cast-iron corset. The daughter, however, was something else again, as a lot of men learned to their ultimate sorrow.

Daughter was of the perpetual ingenue type, with curly blonde hair and baby-blue eyes. She wore very unsophisticated dresses in a very unsophisticated way. She was so innocent she never seemed to realize how much of herself she was displaying when she leaned over or crossed her legs. When she danced she sort of cuddled up against you, as if seeking protection from the harsh world.

A surreptitious drink was usually her excuse for coming to your cabin. Mother didn't allow her to drink, she explained, so she had to steal a tiny little sip now and again where mother couldn't possibly see her. Given her drink, she prattled artlessly on. A sculptor, who had once seen her in a bathing suit, had wanted her to pose for him. He said she had a perfect back and . . . and everything. What did *you* think of her back? But of course you couldn't see it, covered up the way it was with a silly old dress.

She took her dress off.

You had just thirty seconds to feast your lecherous eyes on her maidenly charms, before mother was hammering murderously on the portals. If the door was unlocked, she barged right in; if it was locked,

then daughter innocently opened it.

Then the fun began.

Mother had plenty on the conversational ball. When she went in to her outraged act, you went in to a daze, and came out of it to find yourself signing checks. For you, sir, were a lecher! A seducer! A cradle-snatcher! You had drugged her darling daughter with liquor and raped her. You had violated a virgin! You should be hamstrung and horsewhipped!

While mother stormed, the daughter sobbed. You just shivered silently, wishing to hell you had a drink. You were behind the eight ball. Circumstantial evidence was all against you. The half-nude girl, the wine bottle, the rumpled bed . . . you paid.

Over the course of several years I watched this precious pair work, a lot of men paid money to avoid being branded as moral mavericks. Eventually, however, the girls made a mistake. They mistook a roving newspaper reporter, a friend of mine, for a millionaire, possibly because of the size of his bar bill, and the caper was on.

When the show-down came, he turned the tables. He didn't, he admitted blandly, have any money, but he was still a gentleman, by heaven! To prove it he was even willing to marry the girl! In fact, he insisted, he *wanted* to marry the girl. He wasn't one to take advantage of trusting innocence!

The mother suddenly found herself in the unusual position of having to argue that he hadn't taken advantage of anything. But the newspaperman was adamant. What kind of lousy philanderer did they think he was anyway? Of course he had taken advantage of the girl, poor li'l innocent thing! Sure, he'd seduced her! He was going right now to the captain, and make a clean breast of the whole affair, and see about getting married on the spot. He'd tell the whole ship, for that matter, what a louse he'd been, but he was going to do the right by little Nell. (continued on page 52)





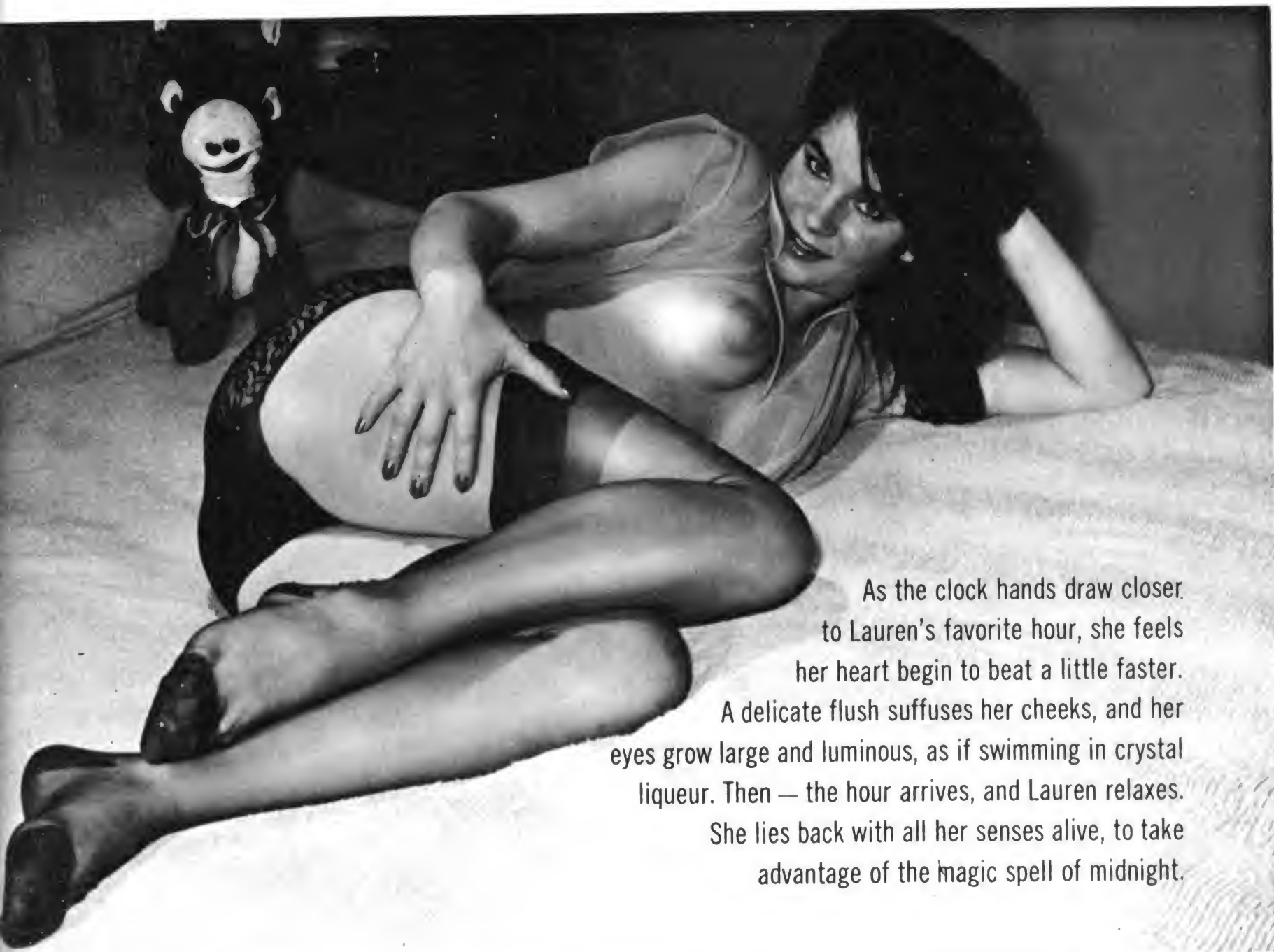
At midnight, Cinderella changed from a princess to a raggedy char girl. Lauren Winters reverses the process. While she isn't a char girl but a private secretary, when the midnight hour comes round, she changes into a princess. Delicious, delectable things occur at midnight — and with her misty glow, and her bright and alert air of expectancy, pert Lauren is eager to enjoy them.





**lauren's
midnight
glow**





As the clock hands draw closer to Lauren's favorite hour, she feels her heart begin to beat a little faster. A delicate flush suffuses her cheeks, and her eyes grow large and luminous, as if swimming in crystal liqueur. Then — the hour arrives, and Lauren relaxes. She lies back with all her senses alive, to take advantage of the magic spell of midnight.







Lauren never goes to bed before one o'clock, for to sleep through the best part of the night would be foolish. Friends have noticed that something special happens to Lauren at midnight. She perks up and exudes energy and vivaciousness. What Lauren needs is a man who responds to the same spell of midnight magic.



GOLDEN CURLS AND BLACK SILK



Cynthia Pepper is probably one of the few American girls ever to be offered a place in an Arabian harem. It happened when Cynthia visited her father who's a petroleum engineer for the Arabian government. She turned down the job, but the disappointed sheik did give her a going away present, the nightie she so fetchingly displays. It's the latest in harem night wear.



It's easy — for the bachelor
who knows the right answers.

By
Michael Exeter

HOW DO YOU SCORE



The following multiple-choice test is for bachelors from 25 to 105. How would you handle the following breath-taking problems if you were confronted with them? Check one answer to each and see what your score is.

1. Before catching your evening train to the suburbs you stop off at the bar and guzzle martinis with some office friends. Other old buddy friends stop by at the bar and insist on you having another round, and before you know it, you've missed your train. Slightly stoned, you manage to make the second train. After a few more drinks in the club car, you feel bushed and sit down for a short nap. The train finally stops at a strange town at the end of the line. You wake up and get off the train. A beautiful well stacked young woman dressed in a pink mink coat sits at the wheel of her empty, parked Cad and honks at you, opening the door and inviting you to climb in.

"The cocktails are already mixed and I have a supper waiting for you,



honey," the strange young woman says invitingly.

"I'm not sure we've met?" you say.

"We will before the evening is over, dear!" the young lady assures you, "Men are hard to find at this late hour and you'll do as a replacement. My husband just called me and said he had to blast off from his office to California for the weekend . . . the rat!"

You walk over to the car door trying to make up your mind. The pink fur coat slips open enough to reveal nothing but magnificent pink skinned lady beneath the coat. You say:

- ☐ A "Could you tell me when the next train goes back to Finks-ville, lady?"
- ☐ B "I don't know, Ma'am. What's for dinner?"
- ☐ C "How nice of you to meet me, darling. Move over — I'll drive."

The redhead peels off her dress, her bra and panties and wraps her arms around you in a frightened manner. Just then you hear the bank president's voice coming over the emergency inter-com wired to a speaker inside the vault. The president assures you the robbers have left the scene and there is nothing to worry about. Locksmiths are already working to get the jammed vault doors opened which will take about an hour. But if you will press a certain button inside the bank vault, the door will swing open immediately, allowing both of you to escape. You say:

- ☐ A "Gee whiz, J.B. You sure think of everything. I'm pushing the button now."
- ☐ B "Damndest thing, J.B., I can't find that button anywhere."
- ☐ C "What are you — some kind of a nut?"

3. You are barreling along in your red Jag sportscar and come to

with a friendly smile and offers you the champagne. You say:

- ☐ A "I'm sorry, I don't drink."
- ☐ B "I'm sorry, I never drink before lunch."
- ☐ C "I'm sorry, I never drink — anything but champagne on the beach."

4. It is one of the hottest days of the summer. The scene is in a woman's beauty shop filled with beautiful lady customers. The shop does not have air conditioning and to combat the hot weather the shop owner has allowed her customers to strip off their clothes and be comfortably cool beneath the large white aprons while getting their hair-dos. You are a Cleaner Truck man and you walk into the beauty shop with a large bundle of freshly cleaned white aprons. The lady customers suddenly decide they will change their old aprons for the freshly cleaned one. They start peeling off their aprons and you say:

- ☐ A "Heavens to Betsy, there's naked ladies here."
- ☐ B Nothing — not a single, solitary word.
- ☐ C "Getcher brand spanking clean aprons right here!"

5. You are working as a government intelligence agent in a foreign land. Your assignment is to find and search a beautiful Mata Hari for a secret code message that will mean the winning or losing of a war.

When you catch her, she shrugs and hands you a roll of micro film. You say:

- ☐ A "Thank you, Ma'am. You're doing the patriotic thing."
- ☐ B "Don't give me that jazz. I've got orders to search you, and I always follow orders."
- ☐ C "War is hell, honey. Let's discuss it in my hotel room."

HOW DID YOU SCORE? Check your answers with the following:

- ☐ C No problem. Just start looking for the right situations. You'll make out.
- ☐ B Maybe your shoes are laced too tight, or your hat size is too small. You're on the right track. Just loosen up to fly right.
- ☐ A The only thing in your favor is that you have sense enough to buy this magazine. Be careful going home — look out for open manholes. ♠

2. You are employed as a bank teller in a small bank. At the teller window next to you, works a slick red headed chick built like Brigitte Bardot, full lipped, hazel eyes, swivel hips . . . the most in primitive physical allure. Masked robbers suddenly appear at the teller window, and before you can wink an eye, you find yourself and the lovely redhead locked up inside the bank vault. It's stifling hot inside, forcing both of you to remove your clothes.

a lonely stretch of sandy ocean beach. You blink your eyes. What you see stretched out atop a white beachtowel is unbelievable. You stop the bomb. Your eyes are right. It is a completely nude young woman with long spun gold hair and the most shapely body you've ever seen. She waves at you, reaches at her side and holds up a half consumed bottle of champagne taken from a nearby ice bucket.

You walk over. She greets you



He cocked the .45 and pointed its muzzle at the middle of her face.



STRONG ARM LOVER

HE HAD ONLY PLANNED A ROBBERY, BUT WHEN HE SAW THE GIRL, HE DECIDED HE WANTED MORE THAN MONEY.

BY JAY B. DREXEL

It happened seven years ago, but they still tell the story down at the 62nd Precinct Station. It never got into police records, of course, because precinct annals only record the facts, not the story behind them.

The records state simply that the rapist was positively identified by his victim, and thereafter confessed. He was charged, arrested, tried, convicted, and sentenced. State prison records note the fact of his execution a few years later for murdering a guard while trying to escape.

End of story. But Sergeant Ben Rogers will never forget the untold details. He will never forget how Joe Harrison almost got away with it.

On February 14, 1963, Joe entered a drugstore on the corner of Magnolia and Fuller, in North Hollywood, California. A handkerchief was pulled up over his face. It was nearly midnight, the drugstore's closing time. Joe carried an army .45, which he was prepared to use, since he needed money desperately to pay off gambling debts.

He had cased the store carefully, for almost two weeks. This was Thursday night, and the safe would be loaded—they always banked on Friday. Business was very slow this time of night, on this lonely inter-

section. Most important, the pharmacist had already gone home, leaving the store in charge of only one person—the girl.

A pushover, in Joe's opinion. He'd pulled a few stickups before, and this one was a lead pipe cinch.

At five minutes to twelve, when the store was still open but business was most unlikely, Joe went in with his mask up and showed the girl the .45. She turned white, and leaned back weakly against shelves of medicinals. At his urging, she opened the cash-register meekly, and gave him its contents, including the 20's and 50's under the tray. Then he ordered her to open the safe.

"I—I don't know the combination," she whimpered.

"C'mon!" he said, his voice mocking. "You're the owner's wife! . . . don't he share the wealth with you? Open it honey." He jabbed the gun toward her midsection. "I'm not afraid to use this."

Trembling, under his gun in the back room, she opened the safe. More bills—20's, 50's, and some hundreds. His total haul was probably around a thousand, a little under. He should have been satisfied with that.

But he'd been looking at the girl, as she shivered, and bit her lips, and threw frightened looks at him. There was something about a frightened woman that was exciting to Joe Harrison.

She was blonde, around 30 — medium height. Not really a girl, Joe admitted to himself; but she had something that made her look younger than she was, a freshness and vitality in her clear blue eyes, a sheen to her shortish hair, a clear, unblemished skin.

He looked around the room, wetting his lips. This was a new thought to him, an unpredicted twist; a new crime, a new switch on an old urge, a bonus. He was frightened of it—but he wanted her.

The room contained shelves of drugs and chemicals, a desk, and a cot. "Get over there!" he said roughly, waving the gun at the cot. And then; "No . . . wait a minute . . . get out front and lock up!"

"What? . . ." she said weakly, not understanding — or perhaps not wanting to.

"Lock the store!" he snarled. "Fast, and don't try anything! I'll be watching you . . . me and this!" He waved the gun again.

She went to the front of the store and locked the doors. She came back. By now, she knew what was

on his mind . . . her steps were faltering, they echoed from the walls of the empty, quiet store. Her lips were trembling—Lovely, full lips.

"No! . . ." she whispered. *No! . . .*

For answer, he grasped her arm, swinging her toward the cot. "Get over there!"

"No!" she groaned, staring at the gun.

His hand moved from her arm to her neck. His fingers clawed into the collar of her dress. He ripped savagely. The front of her dress came away, and with it the white drugstore apron she wore. Another slash of his hand took away her slip and brassiere, revealing firm, smooth-skinned breasts.

She had gasped. Now she started to scream. Her arms moved automatically to cover herself.

He clubbed her alongside the head with the .45—he was consumed by fear of what he was doing, but more consumed by his uncontrollable lust. The blow brought blood from her temple. She sagged and half-turned, to lean across the desk, moaning softly. He yanked her upright with a hand in her hair. He glared into her blank, numb eyes. He spun her toward the cot—she sprawled on it; her head struck the wall.

He cocked the .45. He pointed its muzzle at the middle of her face. She stared at it, shaking her head dumbly. He reached the side of the cot, and went to his knees on it, tearing at her clothes and his own. Now she was nude. The gun was pressed against her ear.

The dragnet got him. The cops picked up a random selection of known sex offenders from their mug-books, and it was Joe Harrison's misfortune to have once molested a 16-year-old who had looked 21. He conned out of it, but they had a make on him. And now the dragnet got him . . . the dragnet that was out for YOUNG - CAUCASIAN - 5'9" - BROWN EYES - ABOUT 160 - HAIR LIGHT - MUSTACHE.

So they got him—minus the mustache—the very next night, in an 8th Street bar. They also picked up, here and there, twenty-nine other likelies.

After a night in jail, they went on lineup, so the girl could take a look at them and hopefully identify her attacker.

In groups of seven, they were taken from the tank and presented

STRONG ARM LOVER

to her scrutiny. Joe Harrison was in the fourth group.

In the lineup-room, he stood facing the bright lights, shifting from foot to foot, with his back against the height-panel.

When his name was called, he stepped forward, blinking. She was out there, somewhere in the blackness behind the lights. She was out there, looking at the faces . . . right now, she was looking at *his* face, at his eyes, his nose, his hairline, his mouth whose kisses she had fought . . . in her imagination, she was painting a mustache above that mouth—

She would peg him. He knew it. In a hating voice, she would whisper to the cop sitting next to her, "*That's the one . . .*"

Sitting in the darkness behind the lights, Sergeant Ben Rogers whispered to the woman, "Do any of them look right?"

She shook her blonde head slightly. Her eyes were haunted. In them was the memory of rape . . . she wanted to name a man, to see him squirm, protest, confess . . . *I don't know*," she said, her voice a whisper, almost agonized. "It's horrible, Sergeant . . . but I don't *know*! I mean, only two of them *could* be the one . . . him—" she pointed at a man who looked something like Joe Harrison — "and *him* —" she pointed at Joe himself. "The others — no . . . definitely, no!"

"Well, now," Sergeant Rogers said softly, "at least you've come up with two possibilities." He smiled at her in the semi-darkness, trying to put her at ease. "You choose one, and we'll try to make him open up!"

"I just don't know," she shivered. "They look so much alike . . ."

"I just . . . oh, I *can't*, Sergeant! . . . it might have been one of them, but how can I know? It would be so unfair! . . ."

Sergeant Ben Rogers sighed. "All right," he said. "You think about them . . . remember their faces, remember anything about them—" And he made a note of their numbers on his pad: "If you get any more definite ideas, let us know. You point him out, Mrs. Wentworth, and we'll get it out of him. Just knowing he's been identified is usually enough . . ."

"I wish I could," she whispered. "I *almost* can . . ." And she almost

could. Up there, blinking at the lights, was a face she remembered and hated—but she wasn't totally sure that she was right . . .

Mrs. Wentworth was honest. Despite the hatred and loathing that burned her soul, hardened her lips, curled her fingers, shuddered in her depths—she was honest and good. She had been brutally raped, but the act had not soiled her principles . . . they were apart from her misery and shame. She would give anything to see the man punished—she remembered her husband's stricken, tragic face, when he learned what had happened—but only the *right* man must suffer, and no other. . . . She simply wasn't sure.

"If you decide about either of them," Sergeant Rogers said, understanding her torment, "let us know."

She nodded, and the lineup continued.

In two hours, Joe Harrison, and the others were released from custody.

Three days later, in a bar on 5th Street, Joe met the gorgeous brunette.

She was perched on a barstool, listening to the pianist's tinkles and nursing a tall one. She was stacked. When Joe came in with his date, she gave him the eye.

Within five minutes, Joe had ditched the dog he'd brought with him. He claimed he had a godawful headache, and sent her home in a cab. He laid \$20 on top of the cab-fare for her, to reduce her petulant pouts. He told her he'd call her tomorrow, which he wouldn't.

The \$20 was nothing. Joe was flush. He was living high off the drugstore loot—the \$1,123, which was no longer that much, but still plenty after paying the gambling debts. He was still thanking his lucky stars that he hadn't had it on him when he was arrested. A checking account under a phony name can be a lifesaver.

Joe got together with the brunette. They got cozy. He spent \$31 on drinks. They got cozier.

This was his favorite bar, his hangout, Joe thought, as they left to go to her place. But he'd never seen *her* before. . . .

"Like you was waiting for me, huh?" he grinned. "Well, baby . . . you picked the right man to wait for."

"I'm sure I did," she smiled.

They kissed ardently at the front-door of her apartment. They went inside, and kissed ardently again, and everything else.

The next day, they picked him up again. She had positively identified him. He squawked and protested his innocence loudly, and then finally stopped squawking and confessed. The bright lights and the never ending questions were too much, and he got too terribly thirsty; and, over everything, the knowledge that in this state, when you were identified by the raped woman, you were half-dead. Joe went his path to prison.

"What changed your mind?" Sergeant Ben Rogers asked, on the day she made the identification. "What made you sure? I thought he was probably the one . . . but what decided *you*?"

"That day in the lineup," she said quietly. "You were talking about trying to remember?"

"Yeah . . ." He thought a moment. "Sure, I remember . . ."

"Then remember some other things," she said, "and then forget them, if you please. Remember a woman who couldn't be sure, but who couldn't forget—couldn't *ever* forget—" her voice was very soft, cold, hard, like crushed ice—"until the man was caught! Remember a rented apartment . . . remember that a blond can become a brunette, and almost a different person, if she's actress enough—"

"Hey—" he said, looking at her dark hair. "Weren't *you* a blonde?" He shook his head. "I—I guess I don't get what you're talking about . . ."

She was smiling at him—the quietest, most feminine smile. "Just remember the things a woman remembers. I'm sure men remember such things too. And I'm sure none of this will come up during the trial. For if it *does*, Sergeant . . . I'll break your neck and scratch your eyes out . . ."

He stared at her blankly, as she left, with a last smile and a twinkle of blue eyes.

Fourteen months later Ben Rogers finally got it. For no particular reason at all—he just got it. He sat bolt upright, in the midst of some paperwork and said, "*Hey!* . . . Great heaven! . . . What the *hell!* . . . Well, I'll be damned . . ."

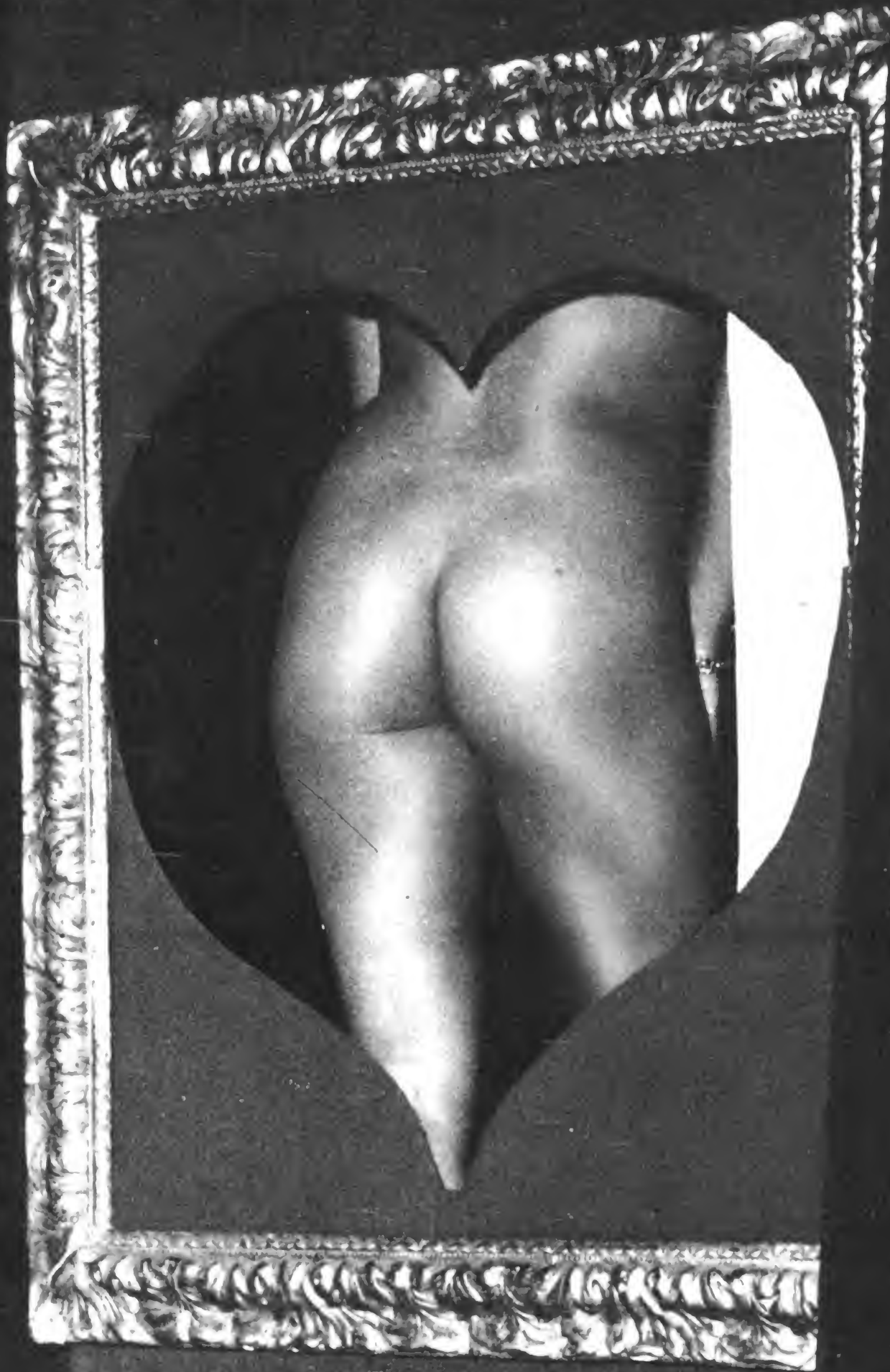
They still tell the story at the 62nd Precinct. ●

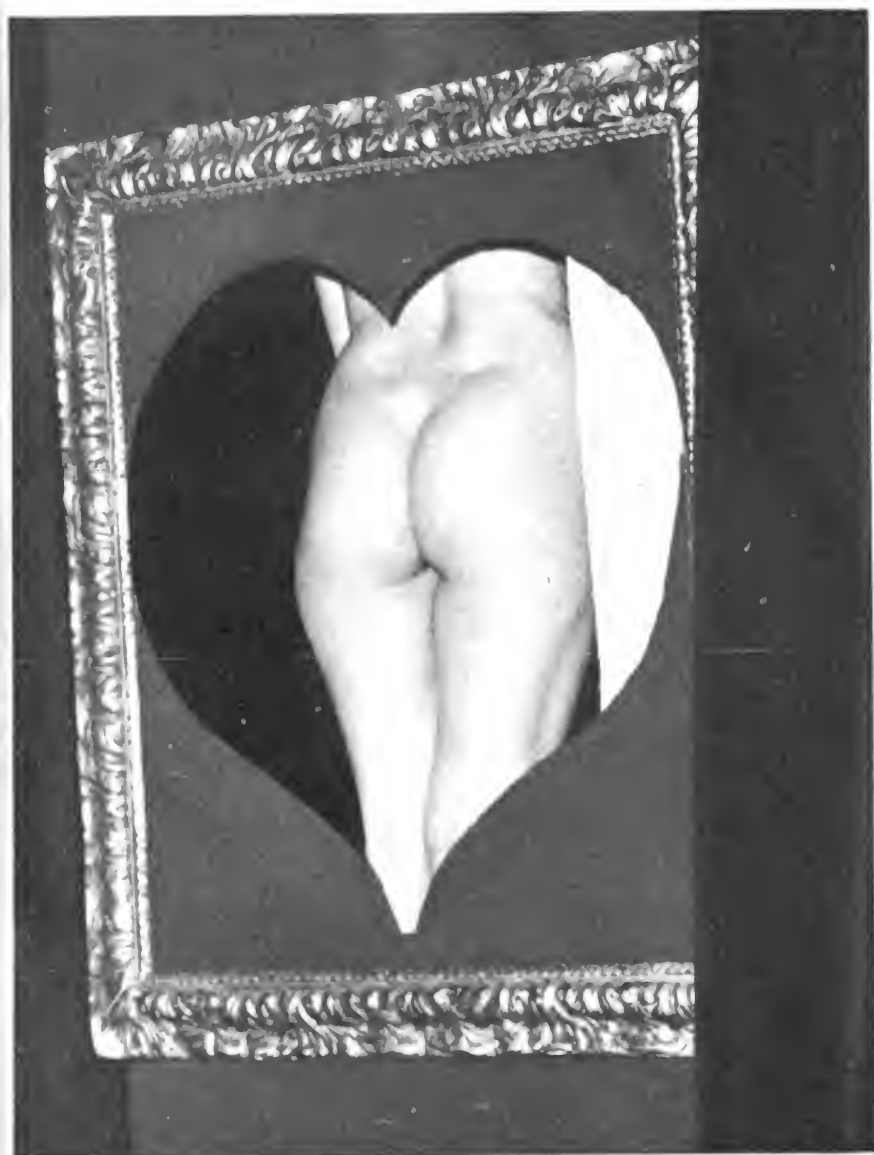
turn the page to experience

a different kind of contest



With beauty contests sprouting up all over the world like weeds, from Miss Cosmos to Miss Butterfat Enzymes of Eastern Liechtenstein — TONIGHT proudly presents a new and — we trust engagingly different — kind of competition — the First Annual Grand Gala Miss Derriere Contest — to choose the lass with the loveliest southern exposure from the north, east, south and west sections of — where? France, of course. From far and wide they came, each intent on winning the coveted crown. The judges were presented with an arduous, albeit diverting task, to select from literally thousands of beauteous bottoms, the one which French men would most like to follow down the Champs Elysees. After long and serious consideration, a winner was picked. And here she is at the right — Miss Annette Mazarin, whose other attributes match her prize winning area in pulchritude. Three cheers for Miss Annette. Hi ho the derriere and long may she wave.







A THOUSAND and ONE NIGHTIES

In this and in following issues, Black Magic will pay homage to a creation that ranks with the silk stocking as the enhancer of the natural allure of the fair sex — nighties.









We believe that gal's pajamas are a pernicious invention. Off with the pj's—on with the negligees.









DISSATISFIED WITH YOUR WIFE? CHANCES ARE THE REVERSE IS TRUE, AND FOR SOME STARTLING REASONS.

If you are the average husband and happen to want a little extra-curricular fling, never before in our history have you been offered so many excuses—or to be more exact, explanations for your behavior. From the major publishing houses of the country a Niagara of books on the subject of sex and marriage is flooding the country. Conservative family magazines that once would never have considered peeking through a bedroom window, figuratively speaking, now go all-out, touting articles that delve into every intimate detail of the boudoir.

At the same time, a new cult of marriage counselors, marriage clinics, and other pseudo-psychological experts is springing up. The end result of all this is that the average husband, thumbing his bemused way through any of these dissertations on the whys and wherefors of domestic discord, can find an excuse for just about any wayward breach of marital rules and regulations.

The trouble is that nine-tenths of this mass of gratuitous advice by self-styled experts—many of whom are notoriously unable to follow their own advice at home—is sheer hokum.

Right now one of the most prevalent problems being glibly explained



Ageless Marlene Dietrich, lovely though in her sixties now, still packs them in at Las Vegas (L). The redoubtable Miss Dietrich is also accepted as a woman of intellectual worth by such men as Adlai Stevenson with whom she is shown above.

HOW TO LOSE A WIFE

By Joseph Hilton

by the experts is that of the unfaithful husband and what prompts his wanderings. He strays, say the experts, because he is searching for something he cannot find at home. Call it romance. Call it sexual excitement, if you want to be more basic. Call it the need for the normal male ego to express itself.

Talk to a cross-section of lawyers specializing in divorce, as this reporter did. The same phrases, the same explanations for what finally becomes legally known as incompatibility crop up again and again.

"Right after she married me, she began letting herself go. She doesn't seem to care how sloppy she looks

around the house. And if I say anything about it, she starts bellyaching about how she's been cooking and washing all day."

"It was agreed that she would keep working at her old job after we got married. So now nights when I get home from work I've got to listen to her yak-yakking about what went on in the office, and what didn't go on, and if I suggest anything, she's always too tired. It wasn't that way before we got married."

"She's always nagging, nagging, nagging. The family across the way got one of these new electric washing machines that does everything but take the clothes off you and put them back on. The guy next door bought his wife a new fur coat and my frau is still wearing the cloth one I bought her two years ago. The neighbors on the other side of us are getting a new car and we're still driving around the second-hand job I bought three years ago."

All in all, it would seem the average husband is in one hell of a spot. Lack of romance at home, plus nagging, plus the nervous tensions of this highly competitive modern age all add up to emotional chaos. He has gone into marriage with certain idealistic illusions as to what the marriage will bring—and those illusions have been blasted to hell and gone by reality.

That, say the experts, is the reason a husband strays from home. It isn't anything as crudely simple as giving in to carnal desires. Rather,



French film star Jean Gabin made films with Dietrich in the forties—She is still playing romantic film parts. But foremost she's a family woman, wed for many years to Rudolph Seiber, (right). Dietrich is also a doting grandmother.

he is looking elsewhere to fulfill his dream image of the ideal wife.

And now certain of the more advanced experts are suggesting that man is not by nature monogamous and that, in actuality, he requires not one but three women to fulfill his needs. One would be the housewife and mother of his children; the second would act as his intellectual and social companion; the third would be his romantic mistress.

Again, with all due respect to the number of imposing degrees following the names of the various psychologists advancing this thesis, it is the bunk. It is nothing new to announce that the average man at varying times desires one or another of these three arbitrarily catalogued types, but it is taking the lazy way out to seriously suggest that these three types are separate and distinct. For the essential qualities are all purely feminine qualities—qualities possessed by every normal woman.

Being skilled in one feminine attribute doesn't necessarily mean that the other two need be neglected. Only one example of the complete woman need be cited. She is not only a mother but a grandmother. She's an excellent cook when given an opportunity. From the intellectual angle she is regarded with considerable acclaim by a number of the world's most famous writers, dramatists and thinkers. And a good many millions of people a year spend a good many millions of dollars watching her portray the role of the eternally seductive woman.

That, naturally, all adds up to Marlene Dietrich.

Nor is there anything new about the astounding discovery that the average husband wants a variety of apparently contradictory qualities from the woman in his life. Back in Shakespeare's day, Francis Bacon was writing: "Wives are young men's mistresses; companions for middle-age; and old men's nurses."

During that Elizabethan age morals were considerably more lax than now, yet neither Bacon nor anyone else suggested that for the different roles of mistress, companion and nurse, a man needed three different women.

What has happened to bring about the present friction in nearly 50% of all marriages? That 50% figure is the one generally agreed on by most marriage counselors and domestic relations court statistics. Of this 50%, just about half of the cases eventually wind up in the divorce courts.

The villain of the piece, in nine cases out of ten, is either one of the two old stand-bys—incompatibility or mental cruelty. Both categories, when legitimate, are certainly valid enough—but the times when they are truthfully legitimate are very rare.

Take a copy of almost any metropolitan newspaper and read the divorce court news. In the last year, by rough count, TV sets have been the contributing cause in exactly 236 divorces of record. In Chicago a husband sought to end a twenty-year marriage because his wife insisted on watching the wrestling matches at night when he wanted to see *Wagon Train*. In New Jersey a woman complained to a sympathetic judge that instead of coming to bed at a decent hour her husband preferred to sit alone in the living-room watching the *Late Show*, and the *Late Late Show* until the final program finished around 4:00 a.m. In Florida a couple used the excuse of an argument over Jayne Mansfield's outstanding attributes to head for the assizes.

A good many times these publicized reasons are in actuality a substitute for the more serious charge of adultery. All other things being equal, unless there is a bitter personal animosity or a fight over alimony involved, the average couple prefers to wash as little of its dirty linen in public as legally possible.

So incompatibility and/or mental cruelty serve as a sort of respec-



table cloak for more earthy failures. A New York businessman took up residence in California and sued for divorce from his wife of six months—a former glamor-society deb—on the grounds of mental cruelty, claiming that even on their honeymoon, including the first night, she insisted on having her three miniature poodles sleep in bed with them. Nobody mentioned that the former glamour girl was a notorious alcoholic nymph.

Hence the divorce court statistics don't help much to analyze what is going wrong with the American home. They don't mean what they seem to say. And in much the same way the pseudo-psychologists who are now busily pounding out small fortunes on their typewriters, explaining all marital problems without answering any fundamental questions, are equally useless.

What the American husband needs to do is to stop getting slick, copybook answers for his problems from some self-appointed expert and start doing a little constructive work on his own. In other words, to quit pampering himself and to start practicing old-fashioned common sense. The more old-fashioned the better, for there is nothing more old-fashioned in the history of human relations than marriage.

Let's take the common gripes one
(continued on page 53)



BOMB SHELL

IN BLACK LACE

Chantilly, crinoline, Belgian lace — these are words which men know little or nothing about. Ah but they weave a special kind of magic for the ladies, particularly for explosive Jean Keyes.





Beautiful, bountiful Jean is wild about lace. She spends more time looking for her lingerie than she does for the dresses she presents to the appreciative gaze of the men in her life. But when Jean crosses her lovely legs to take dictation, her lucky boss sees a flare of red silk that usually makes him forget dictation.





When Jean gets home from work in the evening, she can hardly wait to strip off her dress and loll around in the lacy lingerie she loves. She may decide to read, watch television or listen to music, but whatever she does — Jean will be a sultry symphony in lovely lace.





It would seem that Jean is sacrificing comfort for just an affectation. She agrees readily that lace and frills are a bit of a bother, but her argument is logical. "Sure," she says, "a girl can be much more comfy in a sloppy housecoat, but wouldn't you rather look at a woman when she wears black lace?" What's to say? Not a thing. Just ogle and agree.





CON GIRLS ON THE LOOSE

(continued from page 19)

It took a hell of a lot of fast talking on momma's part to dissuade him. Only the fact that daughter had a brain wave and put in an emergency call for the bar steward saved the day.

They kept their marriage-mad mark swacked for the rest of the voyage.

Even more dangerous than the sexy sirens are the women who play the hijacking racket from the opposite angle — the good-pal type. These are women who can compromise a man without going near a bedroom.

I know several of these charming companions who have put by sizeable fortunes specializing in men who can't be made. It's a good racket, too, if you can get away with it . . . and a lot of them do.

Quite a few men, either because of natural wariness or bitter experience, run shy of anything in the nature of a compromising position. It is for these lads that the more devious dames fish. The theory on which these babes work is that the woman who is just a good-pal, always ready for a spot of nice, clean fun, seems pretty harmless. She is just about as harmless as a rattlesnake with hiccups.

She picks her victim carefully, usually some ultra-conservative gent along in years and wealth. There is, mind you, nothing to suggest easy virtue. To the contrary, she is just a good companion, always on hand for a game of shuffleboard or a few laps around the deck — everything open and above board.

She even says so. "You know," she announces, in her frank, honest way. "It's a real relief to meet a man you can trust. Most men, today, misunderstand a woman so quickly."

The sucker beams. Well, after all, Madam, he would like to have her know, he's not exactly a prude, but a gentleman has *certain* standards. And he knows how to treat a lady.

That's all the lady needs to know. From then on she is his constant buddy. She suggests little side trips to interesting places. Or if his itinerary is already mapped out, then by the strangest of coincidences she is going to the same places at the same time. They go together. Just a couple of chance acquaintances enjoying one another's companionship in a perfectly innocent manner.

The lady has a camera, and the camera goes "click-click" at the damndest places and the damndest times. She also has a penchant for collecting odd souvenirs — menus signed "Dinner at Barbizon, Night of June 17th," and similar trivia. She saves hotel bills, and theatre stubs, and what not. Just a foolish little habit.

Just how foolish a little habit it all is the sucker doesn't realize until some weeks later, when he is back home again, and a firm of lawyers threatens him with a breach-of-contract suit.

For the uninitiated, a breach-of-contract suit is the modern legal replacement for the antiquated breach-of-promise suits that are now outlawed in many of our states. Under the breach of contract hocus-pocus, the aggrieved lady maintains that she entered into a contract to provide companionship and certain services of an unspecified but easily imagined nature for a certain sum of money — usually a *large* sum of money. And the contract doesn't have to be a written one, considering its nature. Usually it is verbal, which means that it is just one person's word against another. And you don't get far in this world by calling any little lady a liar.

The man can protest his innocence to the high heavens, but it isn't going to do any good. The lady has names, dates, and mementos to back up her claims. The man can't deny that they traveled to the same places at the same time, and more or less together. Judge and jury, if it gets that far, usually believes that it was rather more than less.

And if the traveling took place in these United States, then it is so much the worse. For here we have the Mann Act — a governmental gift to the blackmailers.

The Mann Act, for the benefit of those lately arrived on the scene, was placed on the law books by a Chicago congressman of that name for the proud purpose of wiping out what was then somewhat luridly called the "white slave" traffic. Naturally it did nothing of the kind, but what it did do was to make it a federal offense to transport any female across state lines for immoral purposes. The vague wording of this particular statute hasn't seriously hindered or hampered such trade, but it has provided a weapon for blackmailers and larceny-minded ladies. It may be recalled that Charlie Chaplin was once brought

to trial in New York on such a charge, stemming from the fact that he had brought a budding young actress from California to New York to test for a screen role — at least that's what he claimed when he beat the rap.

One way or another, the old boy finds himself nicked for plenty in the two places it hurts most — his pride and his pocket book.

He has to pay the fiddler without ever having danced.

All the gold-diggers and blackmail babies are by no means confined to clip-joints, choruses, and bordellos. There are usually at least a couple on board every steamer, and more doing their stuff in vacation playgrounds.

I know over a dozen American girls in Paris who support themselves — and very nicely, too — without handing out *anything* but a good line.

Woman, in case you haven't already guessed it, is a natural born chiseler, and when she goes into the matter professionally, she can make an A1 con man look all thumbs.

What to do about it all is another matter. A man has to have a little fun . . . and a little fun usually means a little female.

Security is the problem. You can take out every kind of accident insurance these dizzy days but blackmail insurance.

However, if you follow a couple of elementary rules you can squirm your way out of the average squeeze play. When you find yourself alone with a strange female, in a strange room, keep your shirt on . . . and the rest of your clothes, too.

If worse comes to worse you can always protest, like my reporter friend, that your intentions were strictly honorable. Most women on the make balk like frightened fillets at the mere thought of settling down in some suburban bungalow.

Or maybe you'd better carry your own cutie with you. It's safer. Of course, you may miss the spice of variety that way, but on the other hand you will avoid a hell of a lot of nervous moments when the door-knob rattles in the still watches of the night.

For there's still piracy on the high seas. An affair of the moment too often turns into an affair of the moola.

If you don't believe it, ask the man who has tried to disown one.

HOW TO LOSE A WIFE

(continued from page 43)

by one. How about the wife who lets herself go after marriage, who shuffles about the house in slip-slapping bedroom slippers and a shapeless housedress, who no longer bothers to make herself attractive and physically desirable?

The chances are a good deal more than 50-50 that the husband is equally to blame. Her answer can be heard any day in any domestic relations court in the country. "He's right when he says it's different than it was before we were married. He just takes me for granted now. As far as romance goes, if I want to hear anything like that I have to listen to some soap-opera on the radio. So why should I bother fixing myself up for someone who doesn't care?"

What it comes down to is a tit-for-tat proposition. It's a rule of life best illustrated by one of the first principles of poker. You can't take anything out of the pot unless you ante up first. The same rule applies to women. If you want to get poetic about it, you can say that a woman is like a flower. She won't blossom without being watered periodically with admiration.

La Bruyere said a long time ago that there are no ugly women who do not know how to look pretty. Or, it might be added, women who do not care enough to look pretty.

It is up to the smart husband to see that a woman keeps on caring enough. After all, she cared enough once upon a time to marry you, didn't she?

A survey of findings put out by the leading marriage counselors reveals that the nagging or over-demanding wife often breeds a sexual incompatibility that finally leads to unfaithfulness on the part of the husband. Constant nagging and prodding by the wife often leads to far more serious domestic discord.

"My husband doesn't have anything to do with me any more. There must be another woman, or maybe he's just grown tired of me."

That is a complaint heard over and over again by those dealing with the more than 400,000 marriages that end up in divorce every year in this country.

Sexually, the suggested facts may be true enough. Often there is another woman, and for once the psychologists are correct in saying that the wayward husband has been

driven to her. The common explanation goes like this in the great majority of cases: "My wife is always nagging me, reminding me of the things I'm not able to do and the things I'm not able to get for her or the house. She makes me feel inadequate. The last two or three times I tried to make love to her I failed miserably. I just had to go out and find someone else so I could prove to myself that I was still a man."

All of which is easily understandable. It happens all the time. The tragedy is—most of the time it *needn't happen*.

Human nature being what it is, some women are born natural shrews, just as some men are born to be misers. But the great majority of couples are ordinary and normal in their basic instincts. All other things being equal, a wife has pride in her husband and is anxious and eager for him to succeed in life and in so doing, display the fruits of that success for others to see. That's what the "keeping up with the Joneses" really means. What's wrong with it?

Even the stone-age people did it and there's a strong possibility that few of the prehistoric cave paintings that now delight our anthropologists would exist if it hadn't been for the incessant nagging of Mrs. Stoneage that *their* cave looked like a bleak hole in the ground compared to the newly-decorated cave of the Flintrocks next door.

In business, appearances are considered all important. The first thing a man does when his particular business picks up is to spend some extra money on a reception room and his own private office. His home and his wife should be equally important.

And what goes on behind these outward appearances is even more important—particularly what goes on in the bedroom. Without being too Freudian about it, it is nevertheless true that most domestic discord stems from sexual maladjustment. If sex in marriage were a purely physical act, as from time has been claimed, it would be a very simple problem. But it is only in part physical; it is at the same time tied up with innumerable emotions that in turn affect the personalities of the parties concerned. It is an act that involves both the conscious and the subconscious, the spiritual as well as the physical.

Thus when there is a lack of sexual harmony, other personality complexes are inevitably exaggerated.

Let's face it. Four out of five times the husband is at fault when there is sexual maladjustment in the home. This is true particularly with married couples in the twenty-to-thirty age group. Let us suppose it is you, under study, and that you married a nice girl. In this day and age every child knows the biological facts of sex, but pitifully few adults know anything about the technique of sex. So just how is your wife, a virgin when you married her, supposed to become artfully adept at all the delicate nuances of love overnight? The answer is that unless you, the husband, teach her, she isn't going to develop her full potentiality. In time she will become a frustrated wife, and frustration leads to further domestic discord.

Dr. Abraham Stone, one of the country's leading authorities on marriage problems, puts it this way: "Acquire the art of physical love. Learn the techniques of love and develop a mutually satisfying physical relationship. In your togetherness blend sentiment and sensuality."

Elsewhere, Dr. Stone, who is head of the Margaret Sanger Research Bureau, points out that marriage counselors, ministers and doctors are constantly appalled by the sexual ignorance still found among married couples. In no other aspect of their private lives are people so incredibly dominated by puritanical taboos and myths. Attempting to conform to unwritten laws that are basically unnatural has done more than anything to keep the divorce courts overworked.

In their book on marriage problems, "For Better or Worse," David Loth and Morris Ernst have this to say: "What people do in the privacy of their bedrooms is their own business so long as they are not hurting anybody else. If the sexual relationship can achieve its goal of bringing husband and wife into complete harmony only when one partner hangs from the chandelier, then it is worth while to hang."

There you have it.

If you think your wife is failing you one way or another then the chances are the reverse is also true. You're the teacher . . . and you have a willing pupil. It's up to you how the lessons come out. ●



OLIVIA'S Twist

Alas for a lass who has the twist beat in her heart — who has to be prim and proper all the time as a nurse in a city hospital. Ah but this Florence Nightingale, Olivia Harris by name, beats the system.



Olivia has a rustic hideaway, and once there it's good-bye Doctor Kildare and hello Chubby Checker.





If Olivia's patients could only see her dancing around wearing black nylons and a peignoir, they'd get well in a hurry.





Kay had managed to tear Phyllis' dress nearly completely off, but she was clearly tiring.





Watching Kay Verrell peel off her clothes, slowly, piece by piece, Henry Eastman felt his body grow warm against his will, and black hate rose from the depths of his thoughtful blue eyes and smoldered near the surface. To avoid the sight, he glanced about the apartment which, a few weeks ago, had been a cozy retreat. Now it had become a prison.

The pull-down bed was carefully made and he knew that in minutes Kay would be on it, sitting on her heels, her lush thighs glowing in the rose light from the tablelamp, her full body hungrily waiting for him. He wondered why he was sick of her.

In bed with her, he forgot, for she was devoted to physical love, but next morning, when she hid the newspaper so he couldn't read at the table, the hatred began again.

"I like coffee in the mornings," he said irritably.

"Hot chocolate is better for you," she replied in the same silky tone she used in the evenings.

The part that got under his skin was that she was striving to change him, make him over. It was too much like marriage. He worked in the Navy Department, keeping records, and there'd been a lot of marriages among the personnel. The men he'd played poker with, gotten drunk with, gone girl-hunting with — they'd suddenly gone out of circulation with marriage. They carried just enough change to buy lunch, and you couldn't get one in a crapgame. When you suggested splitting a fifth, they shrugged helplessly and demurred.

I'm in the same boat, Eastman admitted to himself, and Kay hasn't a single string on me. Clever old Eastman. A charming, illicit, living-together arrangement, and I'm as hen pecked as the worst of them.

It was not that he was rabidly opposed to marriage, he assured himself. He'd seen it turn out fine. It was just that he had a firm belief in that basic freedom — freedom from matrimonial entanglements, until he was sure.

Coming out of the apartment, his nerves were shattered by a shrill shriek from an open doorway across the corridor: "Be sure to pick up my new hat at that place on F Street, George. I didn't have the money and I told them . . ."

There, Eastman cited to reinforce his beliefs, was a prime example. He'd been reared among soft-toned women who didn't order their men

to run errands, and there was nothing more shocking to him than a loud-voiced female who shrilled orders.

He hurried out into the morning sunshine and quickly regained his normal good humor. Instead of dwelling on things he disliked, he pondered ways of remedying them. He was still at the task when he reached his office.

At lunchtime he went to see his rental agent. "There's an escape clause in my lease," he said. "I'm using it."

LOVE, LIBERTY AND THE PURSUIT OF HENRY

*
By Hal Annas
*

Henry had a strange problem, too many women. But he was able to handle them — until he met a lady judo instructor.

The agent was hip to Eastman's arrangement, so he didn't have to mince words. When the agent understood, he offered to switch Eastman's lease to a new place.

Eastman weighed that and said, "I don't want to dump this dame with no place to go. I'll pay the rent there to the end of the quarter. That'll give her a place to stay. I'll take the other place."

That evening, after searching the cabinet in the pantry, he turned to Kay. "Where the hell is that half-full fifth I left in here?"

"I poured it out," she said silkily. "You've been drinking too much."

He hit the ceiling—calmed down, then told her he was moving out.

Her dark eyes fountained. "I gave
(continued on page 66)

BLACK NYLONS ON



A BEAR RUG



Brunette Doris Corman and blonde Carrie Peabody have found a perfect room-mate. a brown bear named Max. He doesn't eat too much, he's all sorts of fun to play with, and best of all, he frightens the daylights out of too amorous lotharios.

THE NUDE DUDE



Whoopee-ty-yi-oh,
git along
little lady, it's
yore misfortune
and none of
my own. This little
lady is Dorrie
Collins, and she's
flipped over the
wild and wooly West.
Her misfortune is
that she lives
in Manhattan, at
least 2000 miles
from the nearest
longhorn. Rootin'
tootin' Dorrie
is such a
Central Park cowgirl
that she's even
purchased a used
pony from a
carousel in Coney
Island and had it
hauled to her 49th
Street apartment.



Dorrie's neighbors wondered when they heard six guns popping and Dorrie yelling, "Git along there, Old Paint." But her boyfriend took it in stride. "Now there's a mighty nice filly," he drawled. "Reckon I'll put my brand on her."





THE PURSUIT OF HENRY

(continued from page 59)

up a good job for you," she sobbed.

"Not a job. You modeled part time. You can take it up again."

"I've made sacrifices—"

"You won't have to make any more. I'll stake you to a couple hundred and move out over the weekend."

Next evening he couldn't find his clothes. "They're safe," she said. "I'll see that you have fresh linen and a neatly pressed suit, one at a time. *Nobody* packs up and moves out on *me*."

He controlled his rage with great effort. He reasoned that he could lose four suits, two sports coats, and a half-dozen pairs of trousers; he could lose two dozen shirts, and all the rest; he could do it and manage somehow, but he hated the thought.

She began her evening strip, hoping to soften him that way. When he felt himself getting interested, he got up and dashed out.

In a bar he spent more than he intended, for he was by no means a heavy drinker, ordinarily. At ten he stopped drinking liquor and began drinking beer. Then, he got the idea.

The next day on his lunch period he bought an extra-large suitcase to add to the two he had in the apartment, then called Kay on the phone.

"Meet me downtown at six," he said. "We're eating out."

She complained that she had already planned dinner, but finally agreed to meet him at the Embers Restaurant.

With his extra-large suitcase, he left work early and rode in a taxi to the apartment. "Wait!" he told the cabby.

Inside, he ransacked the apartment and found his suits and coats jammed back in a corner of her closet. He found his shirts, ties, underwear, socks and handkerchiefs in hatboxes and on shelves hidden by her clothes. He couldn't find his hats and shoes, but that didn't bother him.

With the cabby helping, he loaded the suitcases and mentioned the address of the new place. He stopped on the way for a fifth and a couple of magazines. He spent an hour unpacking and drinking lightly, then telephoned and had sandwiches and coffee delivered. He relaxed with a magazine and felt at peace with the world.

Next day, when his phone rang at 10:10, too early for anything important, he stepped out of his office and asked the switchboard operator, "Male or female?"

"It's Kay," the operator said, winking.

"Tell her," Eastman said, kissing the operator's cheek, "that I've been transferred to Thule, Greenland on a ten year project."

Evening succeeded leisurely evening in the apartment, and Eastman was sure he'd found the better life, until he felt a familiar longing. He dug through his things for his little black book and flicked through its pages until he found a likely prospect.

She was a redhead, sparkingly eager on the telephone, and taxied herself to his place. They drank, talked, laughed and criticized the government, Washington in general, then went to bed. It was a Turkish delight and he credited his appreciation, and hers, to his period of continence.

Next morning, careful not to commit himself or let her get possessive, he made certain she didn't leave anything that would give her an excuse to come back before he called. He checked his keys to make sure she hadn't snatched one. He kissed her and put her in a taxi and said, "Gorgeous, I'll be longing for you and your phone will be jangling again soon."

In a restaurant he ate a hearty breakfast and drank three cups of coffee and assured himself that at last he had it knocked.

That evening, after a cocktail and a good dinner downtown, he unlocked the door of the apartment and immediately detected the aroma of cooking and the subtle scent of feminine perfume. "That damn' redhead!" he swore.

But it wasn't. Managing to look very much the home-maker and sexy at the same time, Kay came from the kitchenette, her dark eyes starry. "I'm trying to forgive you," she said, "but you'll have to make it up to me."

Stunned, he sank onto the sofa and listened to her explain that the superintendent had let her in when she showed him a marriage certificate. She produced the phony slip of paper from her handbag and waved it in his face. "He loaned me his key so I can have a duplicate made," she added. "And it seems I'm just in time. You look pale and rundown. Haven't you missed me?"

He wanted to tell her that, until ten minutes ago, he'd never been healthier or felt better, but he didn't. "I've missed you," he admitted, "and I want to go on missing you."

"It'll be different now," she said softly. "I'll be your willing slave."

Wildly, he thought of escape. Should he run out? No, she'd just find him again. Murder? Too complicated, and besides, he didn't have the guts. He knew if he concentrated long enough, he'd come up with a solution.

It took him until the next day at the office, but there it was, clear as a bell in an advertisement in the *Times*: "Judo — Feminine Instructors."

A bus took him to the Northeast address. There he was invited to enroll.

"It's interesting," he admitted to the instructress, "but I'm not the athletic type. Maybe the big blonde can convince me."

The big blonde proved eager to do that. They spent the evening together and he suggested a date for the weekend.

"Sunday at the canoe house in Georgetown," she said. Then, as if so eager she couldn't wait, she added, "I'll be there soon after daylight."

Kay was peeved about his coming in late. She grouched about it until after midnight, and when he dragged himself out of bed at 8:30 he felt ragged.

Saturday he took a nap in the afternoon, then moved from sofa to supper to bed, and consequently was awake before daylight Sunday.

He found the blonde sparkling in a bikini. She'd already launched a canoe and now did most of the paddling. She piloted directly to a secluded place upriver, then broke out a picnic breakfast and a large thermos of coffee. Afterward she swam while he lay on the beach—then he swam while she lay on the beach—then they both lay on the beach and forgot about swimming.

Afterwards, he said, "How about coming to live with me?"

She liked the idea and he went into it in detail. "A dame has moved in on me," he explained. "I don't maul women, and I can't get rid of her."

"Your little Phyllis can get rid of her," she boasted, bowing up a well muscled arm.

He nodded. "We'll plan it that way, but I don't want her hurt badly. And I want to know a few

things: You drink coffee at breakfast?"

She lifted the thermos. "Definitely."

"Read the newspapers?"

She shook her head. "I'm too busy waiting on my man while he reads."

"You adapt?"

"Positively."

They worked out the details of their plan on their way back to the canoe house. Then, after she'd taken her clothes from a locker and dressed, he gave her his key to the apartment and sent her to do the dirty work, with a final admonition: "Don't really hurt Kay. Tell her she can pick up an envelope at General Delivery with money in it. I'll send a taxi to wait in front of the apartment and take her wherever she wants to go. Just let her know she isn't staying in that place and that you're going to be there to see that she doesn't."

"Aren't you coming with me?" Phyllis said.

He shook his head. "Never send a man to do a woman's job. I'd just be in the way. I'll be in at eleven if that'll give you time enough."

"Plenty. And I'll move my things in tomorrow."

He was really planning to wait until it was all over, but when the time came, his curiosity got the best of him. He went to the apartment, scaled the fire escape and peeked in the bedroom window. He had missed the opening curtain, but the first act was in full swing.

Phyllis was a sight to behold. Lithe, confident, poised, she stood with her weight forward, waiting for the next assault. Kay was still putting up a fight. She had managed to tear Phyllis' dress nearly completely off, but she was clearly tiring. She rushed at Phyllis, fingernails first, but Phyllis neatly grabbed her wrist, spun her around and began to apply subtle pressure to a point on Kay's lovely throat. Kay flailed for a few seconds, trying for Phyllis' eyes, but soon, she let her arms go limp. The battle was over.

Eastman applauded silently as he watched Kay, now with a hangdog expression, begin to pack her things. Phyllis stood surveying her, a triumphant smile on her charming face.

That night, after accepting his congratulations modestly, Phyllis melted into his arms, and he soon forgot she was a trained Judo ex-

pert who could break his neck like a tooth pick if she chose. As a matter of fact, in the huge double bed, he found her knowledge of judo a distinct advantage, as she twisted and turned him into attitudes he never thought possible. They were indeed possible—possible and enormously satisfying.

He finally fell asleep, congratulating himself on a plan well conceived, and a job well done.

It was rosy dawn when he awoke and discovered he was alone in bed. He couldn't understand what made him imagine a plateglass window had just shattered against his ear. His eyes gyrated in apprehension and finally focused on his coat which was lying on the table, the pockets turned out. His billfold lay open.

Another shattering caused his nerves to jump, and he recognized the sound as an outdoor voice that should never have been quite that loud inside any place but a football stadium. It came clear then. Phyllis was the athletic type that burst forth like a flower fresh and dewy with the dawn. Moreover, she'd taken the telephone to the connection in the kitchenette and was talking to someone and making sure that person heard.

"Pack my things and bring them before noon," her voice sounded and echoed. "Later I want you to meet my man. Oh, he's a dream, so gentle and soft-spoken! He's asleep now, and so beautiful in sleep, and after last night he won't likely awaken soon. But when he is awake in bed, wow!"

Eastman groaned and covered his head with a pillow.

"Now listen!" the outdoor voice went on. "I'm going to make my beautiful lover the happiest man on earth, and to make sure I won't fail, I'm taking measures. I've found his birth certificate, his identification, his credit cards, the name and telephone number of his boss, and, best of all, I've found the key to his safety-deposit box where his insurance policies and other things will be. I'm going to sew it all up, even if I have to get a lawyer to establish that I'm a common-law wife, for I can't bear the thought of letting my darling's happiness slip into the hands of some scheming woman."

Henry Eastman thought miserably of the regiment it would take to toss Phyllis out. Then he groaned and began to imagine that he felt chains fastening themselves, link by link, to his body.



EXCLUSIVE REPORTS!

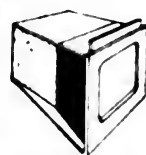
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We are born with five senses, but the ad boys seem bent on depriving us of one of them — the one which is surprisingly important to the enjoyment of — l'amour.

the SWEET SMELL of SEX-CCESS

BY PAUL KIMBERLY

During the recent chlorophyll craze (guaranteed to eliminate all body and breath odors quickly and painlessly), some oft-quoted wag remarked, "People have stopped looking like people, they've stopped acting like people—and now they're going to stop smelling like people."

Well, after a brief, odorless fling at the pretty green aroma remover, most of us apparently decided we'd rather go on smelling like people. Chlorophyll sales promptly fell as that easily obtained marvel of modern science dropped into its proper place as an aid to over-indulgers reporting to work after a cocktail-laced luncheon.

Chlorophyll isn't even used to render plant fertilizer odorless any more.

The reason why? Because smells and our sense of same are too important to all of us.

Suppose our coffee manufacturers decided to render their product scentless — but they wouldn't, of course. For tens of millions, getting out of bed in the morning is only rendered endurable by the warm aroma of the roasted bean. Imagine broiling a succulent steak in your barbecue pit without being able to relish its marvelous smell in advance.

In fact, without the delicious scent of cooking, it's even possible that the vegetarian, wheat-germ, nasturtium-seed subversives would triumph over one of mankind's most needed and natural appetites. Lacking the stimulus of smell, tastebuds would not be stimulated, salivary glands would lie fallow and gastric juices would cease their flow.

We need our noses—and not just for facial ornamentation. They warn us of distant dangers, like fire, or of present joys, like new-mown hay or a gardenia corsage. We need them to key our moods in large degree—and we need them above all to smell one another.



According to Dr. Forel, the famous, Swiss sex-biologist, odor is one of the great stimuli to sex. Its importance, indeed, is second only to the sense of touch. It can be even more important in the preliminary stages of amour, as the first woman discovered when she decided to make herself more attractive to her mate by anointing herself with the juice of some sweet-smelling herb that sprouted outside the mouth of their cave.

It was used, quite deliberately, to foster sexual desire in the male—and has been so used ever since, from ancient Sumer, Egypt and China right down to Chanel Number Five. If this primitive perfume had a rather earthy smell—or would have to sophisticated modern nostrils — virtually all the successful perfumes since have had their roots either in the earth—or the sea.

After all, save for a few hydroponic specimens, every flower that ever bloomed has had its birth in the soil—the rose, the lily-of-the-valley, the lilac, the gardenia and all the others. Ambergris, perhaps the most precious perfume base of all, is an oleaginous mass found in the head portion of a sick whale, which, while not a direct product of the soil, is certainly earthy enough for anyone.

There's good reason for the fact that stimulating perfumes are earth based—the good and simple reason that the sex act is undoubtedly the earthiest function man and woman practice together. Exquisites may decry and seek to disguise the fact via silken sheets and esoteric surroundings, but there it is.

You can't get away from it. The original sex festivals of primitive man took place at sowing or harvest times and were celebrated with mass fertility rituals without aid of sheets or pillow-slips in the furrows of freshly plowed soil.

This response to the good earth is too deep-seated in humanity to be successfully disregarded. Moreover, it is just as deep-seated in the concrete-dwelling urbanite as it is in his agrarian brothers, carbon monoxide notwithstanding.

The urbanite and his playmate respond to soil-based aromas in penthouses, basements and saloons, even though they know it not. Ever walk into a saloon for a beer with no particular amorous object in mind, and find yourself beginning to eye the females present with sudden roosterine intent? The ex-

planation lies in the strong smell of malt and tobacco that is the olfactory coat-of-arms of every saloon the world over.

Malt, being a grain product, is one of the most powerful sex-detonators of any known scent. It goes right back to those primeval days and nights when men and women did their lovemaking on Mother Earth herself—before and after the grain was sowed and harvested.

Malt hard liquors, which include most of the whiskies, are similarly blessed toward improving the happiness of man (and woman), as are virtually all wines. On the other hand, such non-malt products as gin and vodka have a reverse effect upon the procreative urge.

At one time or another, we have all been warned that the effect of gin or vodka, taken too liberally over too long a time, can affect a man's sex-drive disastrously. Some of us have, alas, discovered the sad fact for ourselves.

Furthermore, a man with beer, wine or whiskey on his breath is, other factors being equal, a long jump ahead of his gin-breathed companions where attracting the female is concerned. Why? Being essentially more primitive than the male, her deep race-memories are more easily stirred. She'll respond to the earth-based aroma, probably without understanding the cause in the least.

Tobacco scents, as cited briefly above, can also rouse deep-seated responses in both sexes. The cigarette, which is relatively odorless, isn't nearly as effective as the far fruitier aroma of a good cigar or a pipe—nor does the masculine image the latter two project do the indulging male any harm.

Tobacco comes almost directly from the soil—and smells it fragrantly. That hoary advertisement of years ago, showing the girl looking adoringly at the pipe-smoking male and murmuring, "I love to see a man smoke a pipe," had, perhaps, a deeper meaning than its grey-flanneled Madison Avenue creators imagined.

Contrariwise, toothpaste is about the unsexiest smell in the world. The same goes for all the sterile scents of medicine. If you have to take a breath-killer before going out on a date, avoid such products like the plague. You'll do far better, in the long run, smothering the offensive smell with chlorophyll.



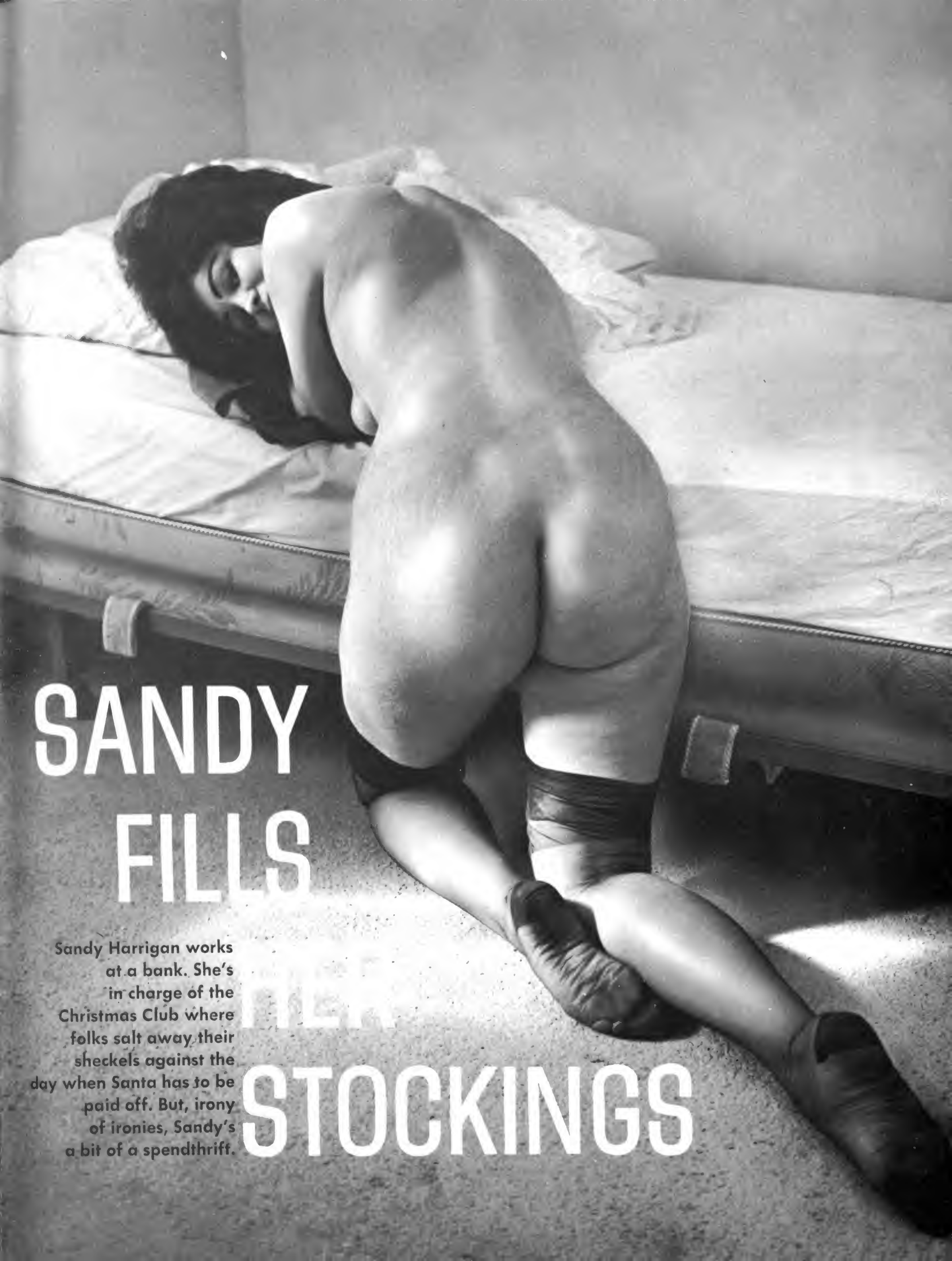
Whether we like it or not, we are all deeply rooted in old Mother Earth—especially where our noses are concerned. It is, for instance, fact and not fiction that young people reared in the country tend to be far lustier at an early age than their big-city brothers and sisters.

Usually, this is ascribed to the fact that they are privy to the mating habits of the animal kingdom. However, when a farm-bred person talks of early sex experiences, he generally talks about smells — fresh clover, newly turned earth, even the smell of honest sweat. For human sweat, despite all the deodorant commercials, is one of the sexiest smells on this planet — at least, where humans are concerned.

We're all thoroughly earthbound where our passions are concerned, and our noses know it. However, this earthy business can be overdone, as in the case of the young couple who were so overcome with the beauty of a June night that they pranced, nude, out onto a soft, grassy lawn to consummate their passion—only to discover too late that it had been freshly blanketed with fertilizer.

In conclusion, if you wish to forsake this magazine with its smell of printer's ink for other, earthier aromas, you have our understanding and our blessing. ♠





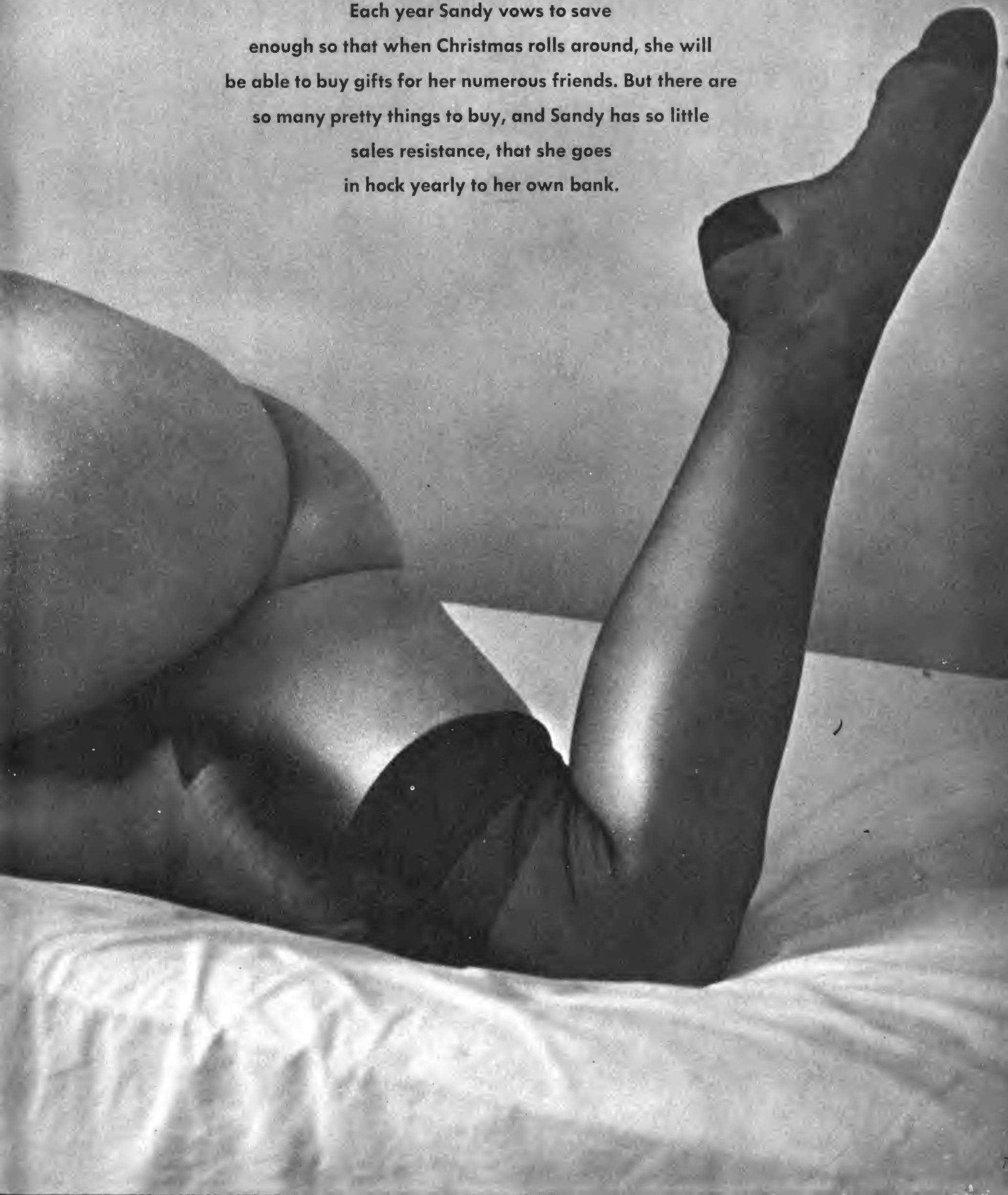
SANDY FILLS

Sandy Harrigan works at a bank. She's in charge of the Christmas Club where folks salt away their sheckels against the day when Santa has to be paid off. But, irony of ironies, Sandy's a bit of a spendthrift.

HER STOCKINGS



Each year Sandy vows to save
enough so that when Christmas rolls around, she will
be able to buy gifts for her numerous friends. But there are
so many pretty things to buy, and Sandy has so little
sales resistance, that she goes
in hock yearly to her own bank.





But Sandy's financial embarrassment doesn't mean that come the big day, her stockings aren't filled. Oh, no — not by a long shot. For Sandy fills her stockings, not only on December 25th, but every day of the year, with mighty worthwhile items, her gorgeous gams. Sandy is justly proud of her lovely legs, and customers at the bank don't know what they're missing, seeing her only from the waist up. One depositor who got a glimpse of Sandy in her entirety immediately offered her a job as a stocking model. She turned him down. She has bigger ambitions. Sandy wants to be a financier. And she will be too — as soon as she figures out how to balance her budget.





The Naked Kitty

Have you ever seen a kitten preen itself? From velvet paws to tail-tip, the beautifying process continues. Then you'll know why we've dubbed lovely Donna Barry the Naked Kitty. Donna is frankly aware of her desirability, and takes great pains to see that she is always as glowingly lovely as she appears here. Of course, Donna is a model, so beauty is good business — but Donna delights in mixing business with pleasure.









Ordinarily, any girl who takes as long as Donna does to prepare for a date, would inspire rage in the man who is left cooling his heels in the parlor. Popular Donna keeps many a date pacing the floor and looking at his watch while she selects exactly the right perfume and puts the finishing touches on her deceptively simple hairdo. But Donna doesn't worry, because when she finally presents herself to her date, looking as radiant as a rare pearl, the lucky gent forgets his annoyance in a hurry. Wouldn't you?



Here are dozens of
lovely, flaming temptresses,
delicious, unclad nymphs,
and diabolically clever
fiction, articles and humor
—all your very own in this
80-page extravaganza!





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